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The Christian Ambassador.

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Original.

Grounds of Prosperity to Christian ocieties.

A Sermon, Preached at the United States Convention at its Session in N. Y., in 1847.

BY REV. S. STREETER.

And so were the Churches established in the faith, and increased in numbers daily.—Acts xvi: 5.

Two things are here expressed which, more than almost any others, I apprehend, awaken the solicitude of Christian bodies. The first of these, is the dissemination of what is believed to be the true primitive religion of Christ; and the second, the multiplication of those who will give it a cordial and vigorous support, both by their substance and their lives.

The words before me, therefore, very naturally suggest, as a topic of discussion, the great question, What are the best means of securing the growth and permanent prosperity of a Christian congregation?

This question furnishes a topic of thought eminently appropriate to the occasion. This is the great annual convocation of our Churches, by their accredited representatives. They have assembled from all parts of the country for mutual consultation with respect to those measures which will be most likely to give a new and more powerful impulse to the sublime enterprise in which we are engaged, the spread and permanent dominion of enlightened & truly liberal views of Christianity. This is a great and glorious cause, the grandest ever espoused by man. We believe it to be the cause of God, of truth, of humanity. Our congregations are all deeply and equally interested in its progress, and its final triumph. They should of course have a distinct and accurate acquaintance with the best means which can be employed in their attainment.

What, then, are those means; or more properly, perhaps, some of the more prominent among them? for we shall have time to glance at a few only of the many which are at our command.

1. The first which I shall mention, and the one which stands at the head of all others, is the open profession and resolute defence of the fundamental doctrines of Christ, the essential aud distinguishing principles of pure Christianity. This is an indispensable perquisite. Without it every thing like enduring success will be sought in vain.

Nothing, to much effect, can be accomplished by a christian society, and especially by a Universalist christian society, in the absence of doctrine. This is the Urim and Thummim of the Gospel. It is the very soul the life, the power of the evangelical dispensation.

It is, indeed, the only sure foundation of the Christian edifice; and, of course, if it be not sound and salutary, the superstructure reared upon it must crumble and fall, and the builders will crumble and fall with it. Some, I am aware, entertain different views upon this subject. They attach far less importance to theoretic principles than I do. They have made themselves believe that, in the present state of society, we can get along very well without much, if any, direct reference to them, better by far, than by pursuing any opposite course.

This, however, I deem a capital mistake. It will not bear the test of an enlightened scrutiny. We might as reasonably expect to succeed well without an habitual appeal to laws in the State, or to rules in mathematics, or the mechanic arts. Doctrines are nothing more nor less than rules, or, if you prefer the term, laws of action. Doctrine is a rule, and a rule is a law, and a law is a direct power. All laws, therefore, or which is the same thing, all doctrines, particularly in relation to moral and religious subjects, are of a practical tendency. Their legitimate mission is to regulate and control practice, to secure to it a right direction and character.

I have mentioned the necessity of depending only upon sound and salutary doctrines. By these, I mean, such as obviously have their origin in the nature and will of God, and in the reason and fitness of things; such as are plainly suitable to the constitution and original predispositions of the human soul, and which, of course, commend themselves to the common sense and sympathies of man as a rational and social being. And I wish to have it further and distinctly understood, that I refer exclusively to those associations and christian bodies which aim to secure their interests, and to advance their prosperity by the only allowable and legitimate measures; I mean by argument, by persuasion, by appeals to evidence drawn from the holy Scriptures, and from the dictates of reason; and to the corroborating force of corresponding religious and moral motives and habits.

Let it not be said that I here make a distinction, where no difference exists. I surely do not. A difference evidently does exist, and the distinction which I have made is plainly demanded by the nature of the case. There are religions, and religious associations in the world, which do not rely, for success, upon the means which I have specified. The adoption of them would be indiscreet. It would be widely out of place. It would work their ruin, and that inevitably.

All superstitions and fanaticisms, in other words, all false religions are of this character. These may, I allow, any of them, and even in their wildest and most senseless forms, blaze and scintillate, and for a time flourish; but in an enlightened age and country, their glare and prosperity must be shortlived. They cannot survive the test of a candid and careful investigation. Such a scrutiny would demolish their strong-holds, and disperse them at once. They would disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision. Like all error, they are perpetually in a state of fluctuation. To maintain even an ephemeral hold upon the confidence of their votaries, they are obliged often to assume new forms; to appear in a new and more fashionable livery; and the triumph of every new measure and movement must of course neutralize the power, and work the subversion of all which had gone before it.

Now, with respect to all religions of this character, the truth or falsity, the consistency or inconsistency of the doctrines which they embody and seek to propagate, is out of the question. They must be advanced, if advanced at all, by the agency of other kinds of machinery. The imposture of Mahomet, for instance, and in fact every false religion, every one which depends for success upon the power of coercion, or upon the deep excitement of the passions and of the imagination, may be indifferent in

relation to the character or the tendency of its doctrines.

But it is not so with respect to Christianity; Christianity, I mean, in its purity and primitive simplicity. This allows of no coercion, either in its dissemination or its defence; nor does it depend, for success, in any great measure at most, upon the agency of the passions and of the imagination. It speaks to the world with power, but it is with a mild lip, and in the tones of a still small voice. It exerts an irresistible dominion, and yet moves onward in its march, and its conquests, with a quiet and almost noiseless tread. No bustle and no uproar attends its course. Its chief appeals are directly to the reason and the understanding, and through these alone it seeks to reach and to enlist the affections, and fervor of the soul.

Hence, the only grounds upon which a truly Christian Congregation can naturally rest for stability and progress, a state of permanent prosperity, are to understand, to believe, to love, to profess openly, to defend, earnestly and perseveringly, and to recommend to those around it, by the orderly and upright lives of its members, the sound, wholesome, and useful doctrines of the religion of Christ. These things seem obviously to have formed the first care, the great ruling solicitude of the primitive preachers and churches of our Lord. They were anxious above all things, to be settled and grounded in the truth as they found it in Jesus. It was on this account that the Apostles so frequently, and with such intense earnestness, appealed to the distinctive character and hallowing tendency of the gospel which they preached. They proclaimed to all who came in their way, that it embodied sound doctrine, good doctrine, doctrine according to godliness; and therefore wholesome doctrine—that is a great rule of truth and of duty, perfectly adapted to the wants, the relations, the destiny, the high and multiform interests, the whole weal and woe of the entire body of humanity. This was a judicious and the only efficient course; for it is certain, in the convictions of my own mind at least, that no religion or religious enterprise, which addresses itself to the good sense, as well as to the affections of its subjects, can long maintain its ground, or greatly prosper, in the absence of an agency from its essential doctrines.

As liberal christians, therefore, and especially as Universalists, we are solemnly bound to lay great stress upon the distinguishing principles of our faith; to proclaim them often and intelligibly; but we must, at the same time, see carefully to it that no sentiment is inculcated which does not commend itself to the reason, and conscience, and benevolent affections, of the human heart. Such must be the policy of our own order, would we secure to it a state of high and permanent prosperity.

To this position some may object, perhaps, that opinions of a very different character from those I have specified have been held and propagated by christian sects, and still their congregations have flourished under them, and to a very wonderful extent. To this objection it may be replied, that the prosperity of the sects and congregations referred to, has not been the result of evidence, of argument, nor of persuasion; nor yet of the doctrines inculcated, but of other and foreign agencies. It has been produced, and for a time sustained, by the power of terror, by startling appeals to the passions; by sudden, frightful, and overwhelming assaults upon the nervous system. And it may be further replied, that the sects and the churches referred to, have in fact never enjoyed, properly speaking, any thing like a permanent state of prosperity. Revolutions in their affairs have been constantly going on. The state of the times, and the progress of the public mind, have obliged them often to change their ground, to appear in a new costume, to adopt new opinions and to modify old oues. What has been orthodoxy with them in one age has been heterodoxy in the next. Who can discover the profile of John Calvin in the Calvinism of the present day? Not the keenest eye amongst us. This theory has undergone an almost total transformation. The force of su rounding circumstances has constrained the abettors it, like those of all other groundless hypothesis, to pu sue, if I may so speak, a zig-zag course. Its moveme has never, for any considerable length of time, be strait forward. The leaders, in this communion, ha been obliged, every now and then, to resort to new exp dients in order to keep up an excitement of the passio to silence conscience, to counteract the mighty workin of the good sense and sympathies of its members; a to maintain the appearance of prosperity and of p manence. But it has been appearance only, not realit for it must be obvious to the most superficial observ that just in proportion as the interests of the understa ing and the heart have advanced in any christian co munity, those of the passions and of the imaginati have receeded.

But even allowing that some of the straiter sects m in some cases, have secured a season of prosper through the instrumentality of visionary measures, it still certain that a congregation composed of libe christians, and more especially of Universalists, never be made to flourish permanently by simi means. If such a congregation succeed at all, it m be by the power of its principles, by the dominion t obtain over the understanding and the affections; by force of their truth, their fitness, and their utility, connection with the irresistible influence of a cor ponding life. And what can have a more direct powerful tendency to secure the prosperity and per nence of a congregation, composed of beings like m naturally social, benevolent, confiding and sympath in their feelings, than the distinctive doctrines held by order? Nothing, it would seem. Consider for a ment what these are: The universal paternity of G the universal fraternity of mankind; the common terests, and duties, and destiny of the race. The ev ual extermination of all moral evil, of rebellion aga God, of discord among men, of a neglect of pers culture in truth and holiness; and of the miseries w result from these delinquencies. The universality good in all the great aims in the mission of Christ. resurrection of all men from the dead, to a state of s ituality, purity, incorruption, and immortal blessedn

These are the more prominent items in our gen theory of faith, and they enforce obligations and a s of mind corresponding with their own nature, thos supreme love to God, of love and good will to all men love and devotion to all duty. Aught it not, then, t the firm purpose of our hearts, that we will n cease openly to profess, and zealously to propagate, resolutely to maintain, by all practicable means, by property, by the spirit of our minds, by word and deed, in public and in private, on all occasions and ry where, these great and hallowing principles of most holy faith? and to maintain them in all the g and the power of their universality? Believe me, b ren, these things we must do, if we would secure perpetuate anything like a high state of prosperity respect to the glorious enterprise in which we are gaged. I have been somewhat prolix upon this br of the general subject before us, and I have been posely so, as I intended it should form the main bod my discourse. In what remains a marked brevity be observed.

2. I observe then, in the second place, that the suc of a christian congregation depends very much up free, friendly, and familiar intercourse among its m bers. This should become a habit. It is stamped a fundamental importance. No high and happy of social prosperity can be reached in its absence. N ing can supply its place. It is absolutely a desidera

And still, the indispensableness of this habit is g rally, and most mournfully overlooked by the mem of christian congregations at the present day. Ou portment towards each other is too set, and distant,

stiff. There is quite too little of the child, the brother, and the friend in it. It has too much of worldly dignity, and too little of christian life, and depth of emotion, and sincerity of heart, about it. Our associational intercourse is too deeply imbued with the spirit of the times, and too much under the control of fashionable and conventional rules. Christians ought to learn, and they must learn, that the religion of Jesus never dresses itself up in crape and buckram, and starch; never goes to church, or to the dwelling of a brother, with a measured step, and a painted cheek, and a cold heart, and a stranger's eye. No, never; and the members of Christian Societies should not. No, they should meet each other, and visit each other often, but always as equals, as one in the Lord. They should think of each other, and speak to each other, and of each other, and feel towards each other, and treat each other, as members of the same family, children of the same Father, all brothers and sisters, all cordial and fast friends.

3. A free and kindly communication with neighboring Societies, and especially with those of a similar faith, exerts a very favorable influence upon a christian congregation. The spirit and aims of pure christianity obviously demand this. They approve of no other policy. The religion of Christ is eminently social, and social upon the most extended scale. It allows of no illiberality, no exclusiveness, no sectional proscriptions. One of its leading aims is to harmonize the members of the race; to identify their interests, to make them feel that they are destined to become one in Christ Jesus, and that the sooner they reach this elevated position the better for all of them. The commerce carried on between the different sections of the great commonwealth of christians ought of course to correspond with this high aim of our common religion. I would ask no one to become servile, no one to assume the livery of the time-server, no one to relinquish or cover up any great principle or hope which his understanding and his conscience may approve. I would not have the avowed follower of the Lamb a christian among christians, a jew among jews, a pagan among pagans, and nothing among those who care for none of these things. No, I would have every christian, on all occasions, and every where, hold fast the profession of his own faith, without wavering, according to his own convictions of truth and of duty; but I would have him, at the same time, civil and courteous, free and kindly in his intercourse with all other christians, whatever theory of faith they may hold. Such has not been the general practice. My church and our church, my order and our order; these are the expressions which have formed the popular dictum among the members of different congregations and different sects. But let a familiar and friendly interchange of opinion be once established among the several branches of the general church, and the happiest consequences would follow. Old antipathies and discords would be overcome, and new affections and unions take their places. Holiness and peace would soon be inscribed upon every banner, and christian societies, every where, become fruitful in every good word and work.

4. An intimate and friendly intercourse of the members of a christian congregation, with their minister is essential to a high state of prosperity. They should all, and severally, whether old or young, male or female, rich or poor, become acquainted with him, not formally, but familiarly. They should know him not as a man merely, and an acquaintance; but as their minister, as their spiritual teacher and guide. They should speak to him, and hold intercourse with him, without any regard to fashionable etiquette and conventional reservations. They must allow him the same freedom; permit him to lay aside all formal restraints; to feel himself perfectly at home in every house, a member of every family. His office demands a latitude of this sort. To the old he must be a son, to the young a father, to those of his own age a brother, to all a counsellor, and one of themselves. No set calls, and no formal visits must be exacted of him. His office renders them impracticable. He must dodge in upon them, and see his people, when he can; for he cannot always do it when he would, he may be able to attend a social party perhaps, and he may not. He is the servant of the whole parish, it must be remembered, of all the neighborhood, and nearly the whole world besides. Thousands, of all classes, and conditions, claim the right of making draughts upon his time and his services, and he feels bound to honor them all, at least so far as strength and opportunity will allow; and often even beyond his strength. His sphere of duty is, therefore, very peculiar. He not unfrequently finds it to be exceedingly perplexing and wearisome. He feels, deeply, the need of aid from his parishioners; of acts of civility and of kindness; of their sympathy, their indulgence, their ready and zealous co-operation. These they can readily extend to him; and if they do, it will arm him with new resolution and power. It will clothe him with new zeal, and rouse to action the deeper and mightier energies of his soul. It will give new depth and expansion to thought. It will enable him to study better, and pray better, and preach better, and feel better, and to do everything better. Now let a christian congregation carefully heed these things, and others of a similar character which will naturally present themselves to the mind, and it can scarcely fail to reach an enviable state of true spiritual prosperity.

There are several other topics upon which I should be glad to offer some remarks, would time allow.—Among these, I may mention the importance of a general and punctual attendance upon public worship, and the prescribed ordinances of Christianity; upon the necessity of practical holiness, of a conformity of the life to the moral requisitions of the Gospel; and upon the indispensableness of the great virtue of perseverance in the truth, and in a habit of well-doing. These things, however, I must omit. My time is exhausted. Still I must be allowed to say in conclusion, that, from the immortal Murray down to the present time, Universalists have been honorably distinguished for their devotion to the course I have now suggested. With a very few exceptions, comparatively, they have exhibited a profound and inflexible regard for the great doctrines of Christianity, as they have understood them. They have maintained a warm and kindly intercourse with each other; and, so far as was practicable, with the members of other sects; and, especially, with their own ministers, those of them at least who have proved themselves worthy to be public laborers in the vineyard of Christ. They have shown to the world that they possessed a respectable share of talents, and of a determination to exert them for the support of public order and morals. They have given ample evidence of their love of practical piety; of pure and undefiled religion; of a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. They have nobly persevered in their efforts to advance the great cause of unlimited grace and salvation. They have held "fast the profession of their faith without wavering." There has been no pervading apathy among them; no general falling off from their ranks; but here and there a case of turning back to the errors and sleepy conservatism of the religious world around them.

And what has been the consequence? Progress has marked their course. Triumph has attended their efforts. Their march has been onward, and outward, and in all directions, which could conduct them to victory and glory. In the language of the text, "Churches have been established in the faith, and increased in number, till they have spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. The success of the cause has been wonderful, almost miraculous. What a change has been effected since I began to preach, some forty-two years ago?—Then the whole order of Universalists formed but a mere handful. The preachers were few. The churches were few. The congregations were few. The num-

bers composing them were few; and their means were exceedingly limited and feeble. It was literally a day of small things with us. But how stands our cause now? It stands forth to the eye of the world in the strength of an early manhood. It stands in the pride of its numbers; in the power of its spirit; in the glory of its conquests. We have become a host, a numerous and a powerful people. We no longer reckon our preachers, and churches, and congregations, and members, by pairs and by dozens; but by hundreds; by thousands; by tens of thousands.

And this is not all. Our cause has breathed a new spirit, and a new life, into the partialist theories of Christendom. It has constrained the time-honored superstitions of the church, like the beast with whom they originated, to throw off their old dress, and put on a new, and smoother, and more comfortable one.

Nor is this all. The principles of our holy faith have given birth to the great philanthropic movements of the age and of the world. They have caused the widow's plaint and the orphan's moan to be heard and heeded. They have brought the prisoner, and even the guilty and the self-ruined, into kindly remembrance. They have spoken with a friendly and a loud voice to the slave himself, and to his Master. They have told them both that, as the Lord liveth, and the right shall prevail, the fetters shall be removed from his limbs, and the yoke from his neck, and the lash from his back. They have assured him that he ought to be free; that he must be free; that he shall be free; that he shall no longer be a thing, a chattel; that he shall become a man, his own man, a man of God and of Christ, and of no other. They have said to all sin and oppression, "Thy days are numbered and finished;" to all tears, "Thou shalt be wiped away;" to all sorrow and pain, "Thy dominion has ceased;" to the grave, "The victory is not thine;" to holiness, "Thy reign is over all, and stamped with the impress of eternity;" to man, to universal man, "Rise above the follies and crimes of earth; for thy home is heaven, thy service is God's, thy destiny is purity immortal and bliss that shall never end."

And now, bretren, in view of these things, what is our duty? What resolutions ought we to form? What course of conduct ought we to pursue? The pioneers in this mighty enterprise have gone to their long homes, or are fast going. But their memories and their examples they have left behind them. The Gospel which they preached, and for the propagation of which they toiled, and suffered, and wore out their lives, remains with us. With their good names and the fruit of their labors, it is their only legacy; and it is a rich one. It is invaluable. Its price is above that of rubies. They are dead; but they yet speak to us. They ask us to love above all things the Gospel which they loved; to preach faithfully the Gospel which they preached; to transmit it in its purity and its power, to those that shall come after us, as they have transmitted it to us. They ask us to recommend to all around us, with our lips and our whole lives, the religion which they so successfully recommended with theirs.

And O, let us solemnly heed this voice from the tomb. Let us reverently listen to this thrilling appeal from the shades of the mighty and the worthy dead. Let our clergy, let the members of our churches and of our congregations, here and every where; let all of us, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, show the gazing world that the mantle of the fathers has fallen upon us, and that we are resolved to wear and to honor it.

And like them may we be faithful unto death. Like them may we finish our course with joy. Like them, when the hour of departure shall come, may it be ours to exclaim, in the triumphant language of an Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Definition.—The height of patience may be considered to be a deaf man listening for the ticking of a sun-dial.

Original.

Not Good for Children.

BY REV. L. C. BROWNE.

A Universalist gentleman in Norwich, recently lost his wife, who died in the bright triumphs of the doctrine of impartial grace. After her decease, he placed his children in the care of two female relatives. These ladies, though amiable in character, are orthodox in faith. In view of this fact, the father made a special provision that his children should not be taught the limitarian doctrines; and the more effectually to secure this end, he requested that they might not attend the Congregationalist Sabbath School; fearing that their peculiar case might form a special temptation to some over-zealous teacher, to indoctrinate their tender minds.

One of these ladies, in conversing with a Universalist lady, on the subject, remarked, that the children might attend the Sabbath School, and be placed in the class of a certain lady, whom she named, a teacher in the school, who made it a point "to teach *children* only the *love* and *goodness* of God." And on being asked, why she did not inculcate the *wrath* of God, and the doctrine of endless punishment, she replied, that it was "thought to have a bad effect on *children*."

We are truly glad to see that our orthodox brethren are making progress in their ideas of "Christian nurture," by discarding the doctrine of endless misery, as an influence in religious education. We would recommend to such of them as may sympathise with this teacher, in her enlightened views of religious culture, to send their children to the Universalist Sabbath School. Our teachers have probably more experience and better facilities for teaching "the love and goodness of God," than are usually found in Congregationalist Sabbath Schools. There are also probably fewer books in our Sabbath School libraries, containing sentiments at war with these attributes of the Deity. And, moreover, our preaching would not, in this case, as in orthodox churches, counteract the influences of the Sabbath School. We should also be glad to secure the services of this lady teacher in our school, where she would find more sympathy.

But if the doctrine of endless woe is "thought to have a bad effect on children," so that we must wait till their characters are more matured and fortified in virtue, before we broach this awful doctrine, why not make the experiment, on one generation, at least, of omitting it altogether? And if its effect is deleterious on the minds of children, how dare orthodox parents, who entertain this view, allow their children to read the Bible, believing, as they profess, that its pages almost burn with this doctrine?

We hope, when these ideas of Christian culture become more general among our evangelical brethren, that they will abate their prejudices towards that class of Christians who inculcate "only the love and goodness of God," both to adults and children. And we are glad to see these views originating in the First Congregational Church in Norwich; for a highly respectable lady, of venerable age, was, a few years since, expelled from that church, for believing in the *infinite* "love and goodness of God," resulting in the salvation of the world.

Norwich, Conn.

Original.

Sawyer, on the Miracles of Jesus.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

The article on the Miracles of the Savior, which was published in the last Universalist Quarterly, we are happy to know, is attracting the attention which its ability and importance deserve. And, especially, at the present time, when so much is done with a view to take

away the main prop of Gospel hope, which has supported millions of souls through the trying passage of human life—when so many means are resorted to to destroy man's confidence in the good things to come, which Gospel Faith presents it, is peculiarly gratifying to meet so full, so fearless and so fair a vindication of the Gospel's claim to Divine inspiration, as is presented in the brief article to which we refer.

The great merit of the article, however, is not in any pretension to bring the lore of the schools, in polished arguments of human wisdom or reasoning, to sustain the position which Jesus claims as being sent of God; but in a plain, simple, truthful, and therefore powerful presentation of the Scripture Doctrine, and the claims of Jesus on the subject; so plainly, and so forcibly presented, as that its positions will never be turned back.

Either Jesus must be admitted to have wrought works in attestation of his mission, out of the range of and above Nature and its laws, for the purpose of producing evidence *which no evolution of phenomena from established* laws could possibly give; or he must be regarded, what his vilest opposers have deemed him, a rank and base imposter; and, of course, his pretensions and his moral character, now so long revered, and so commonly lauded, must fall together in ruins.

In this view of the subjeet it gives us much pleasure to know that both the claims and character of Jesus have been so ably vindicated in the article referred to, and also that our papers are (at least some of them) presenting it to their readers, and that others will undoubtedly follow, so that its circulation shall be very general. It is an article, not for Universalists and their faith alone, but for Christians of all denominations: and it gave us much pleasure to state that in conversation with an eminent clergyman of the Methodist Church on the subject, after he had read the article, he spoke of it as one of surpassing ability and clearness, and with an expression of countenance which clearly indicated to me his conviction of the extent to which prejudice may lead some minds in shutting out evidence, unless it proceed from a certain quarter; said he: If that article had not been avowedly written by a Universalist, and published in a Universalist work, it would have been taken up by the different denominations and circulated broad cast over the land. Let me hope then, that it will be soon given to the readers of the Messenger and Ambassador, and exert its legitimate influence on many minds.

New London, Conn.

Original.

An Incident.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

Dear Brs. of the Messenger—Suffer an old correspondent to pay his respects to you, by making a low bow and giving you his "ticket." I have a little incident to relate, so rich in itself that I cannot forbear making it public. A Conference of the Ontario Association was appointed at Chapinsville, for the 17th and 18th of this month. Being desirous of attending, I stepped aboard the cars at four in the afternoon of the 16th, and as I supposed, was going in the right direction, when lo! when the ticket man came, he informed me of my mistake. I jumped off at the village of Waterloo, seven or eight miles from Geneva, and went into the railroad house; a cheerless, desolate looking sort of a place. It was just about dark, and it would be five long hours before the cars would return. What was to be done.—There was no reading room, no lounge; it was night, I was a stranger. I could not walk any where to amuse myself; the sun had set, and the village was strange to me. My mind was somewhat gloomy, and perhaps some inclined to the ascetic, on account of my egregious blunder and disappointment. Before me was five long hours of ennui, worse in one sense than so many hours of non-existence. What *was* to be done. I stepped to the door involuntarily, as if to escape from myself. I raised my eyes, and they fell upon a *Church* across the street. It was lighted up in the basement. "Ah!" said I, "I do not object to worshipping God any where, when an opportunity presents. I'll step in. Here may be a chance for something rare." I went in. It proved to be Methodist. The good people knelt down to pray, and then sang; and others prayed. Thinks I, I shan't be suspected, and I hope not accused of sowing "tares" if I pray too; for these people will say amen to all I say, so long as they don't know who and what I am. So the next opportunity I prayed too; and I condensed as much good Universalism in that prayer, and prayed as fervently, as I knew how. I thanked God that "every knee should bow, and every tongue should swear that Jesus Christ was Lord to the glory of God, the Father!"—"Amen!" said one. "Glory!" said another. I thanked God for his *free* and *impartial grace;* that Christ was the Savior of all men, especially of them that believed; that God's promise was sure; that Christ would rule till all enemies were put under his feet; and that then God the Father would be all in all; that Death should be conquered, Hell destroyed, the Devil confounded, &c., &c., &c.; to all of which, as I increased in fervor and spirit, the good brethren put in, at short intervals, sundry "Glories! Hallelujahs! Thank God! Amen, A-men," &c. A hymn was then sung, and I exhorted. I painted the darkness and depravity of sin—"It is a small word; but O, how much meaning is condensed in it! a meaning that covers the wide spread world. For sin Jesus died—for sin the good angels turn away and weep!—for sin God bends in wondrous mercy and compassion over his wandering and benighted children, &c. It was sin that made the lofty Queen Elizabeth cry out on her death bed, 'Millions; Oh, millions for a single inch of time!' It was sin that made John Randolph, the caustic lightnings of whose satire made him the terror and scourge of the assembled wisdom of the nation, cry out, "Oh, remorse. Write the word! Hold it up! Let me look at it!' &c. But thank God, sin was to be destroyed. All things in heaven, all things on earth, all things in the sea, and all that are in them, are yet to cry, 'Glory and blessing, and honor and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!'" Here I was "Amen'd!" and "Gloried!" more rapturously than before. I related the fact of my having taken the wrong cars; that I was a stranger; that I saw their church lighted, and came to worship among them; that I was thankful we so nearly agreed in sentiment. "God bless the stranger!" said one; "thank God he took the wrong cars!" said another; "Amen!" cried a third. After the prayer meeting we went up stairs, and the services commenced. I did not know but I might be asked to preach, though no one yet knew who I was. So I stepped across the street, and opening my carpet bag, took out a sermon and hastened back. But they did not ask me, and I did not thrust myself forward. But the good man prayed for the stranger—once more thanked God I had "taken the wrong cars;" and prayed that God would bless "*the good seed*" I had sowed in Waterloo, and cause it to spring, and bring forth thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold! "A-men!" was the response from at least a dozen voices. I then took a seat, sat the evening out, saw many souls gathered around the altar at the good man's bidding, heard many moans and sobs over the fears of hell, which place was pictured after the most approved recent styles—some souls, as they believed, fully converted, and others put in "a hopeful way!" The meeting then closed. The cars soon came along. I jumped in the *right cars* this time, and at about 12 o'clock P. M., arrived at Chapinsville, where we had a most glorious meeting.

Geneva, Nov. 19th, 1847.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1847.

The Missionary Enterprise.

It has long been our settled conviction that this undertaking has never yet received the attention that it deserves, or that it would receive, if its claims were better understood. Some few there are who seem to have entered into it with something like a just appreciation of its importance, but then the number of such is small, compared with what it ought to be, considering the nature of the enterprise, and the abundant resources that might be had, if all of our brethren could be brought to act as though they understood and felt the vast importance of the interests involved in its successful prosecution. In saying this, we would not be understood as accusing our brethren of an unwillingness to meet their christian obligations in a spirit of liberality, for they have too often, and in too great a variety of ways, manifested their generosity, to render them justly liable to any such imputation. Exceptions, of course there are, such as are to be met with in every denomination, but as a general thing Universalists have never been been backward in giving their aid and countenance, to any really good and benevolent enterprize, and never will be, until they lose sight of their principles altogether. If, as in the present instance, there is a seeming departure from the spirit of their faith, it arises, we are fully persuaded, not from an unwillingness to regard the divine injunction "to do good and to communicate," but from the fact that they have not duly considered the matter, and that notwithstanding what has been preached and written upon this subject, they have not, as yet, been brought to that full and realizing sense of its importance, which is so necessary in order to secure right feelings, and a right action, in regard to measures, so deeply interesting to them, and so intimately connected with the welfare and happiness of society, in which their own is necessarily, and to a great extent, involved. With a view, if possible, to obviate this unpleasant difficulty, and to aid in securing that general co-operation of all well-wishers to our cause, which i son every account so desirable, and which could not fail to be attended with the best and happiest results, we propose to offer a few suggestions, which we hope may not be deemed altogether unworthy of the consideration of those to whom they are addressed.

In order to understandd this subject properly, it seems ne cessary that we should, in the first place, take a view of the actual condition of our canse, at the present time, and the views that are prevalent, in regard to it, in the minds of the great mass ot the community. It must be obvious to all who have given the slightest attention to the subject, that, notwithstanding the mighty and rapid advances which the truth has made in different sections of the country, within the last few years, there are still mighty obstables to be overcome, in order to secure for it a complete and permanent triumph. It may be said, even now that, as in the days of the prophet, "There is a famine in the land, not of bread or of water, but of hearing of the word of the Lord." The general and wide-spread misapprehension of our views that so generally prevails, is seen, felt, and acknowledged by all, to be a great and serious evil. We know, that in consequence of this we have been deprived of our rights in many respects, and that we still suffer great and manifold inconveniences from the same cause. And not we alone are injured by it, but through the same influence, the great body of community are held in the accursed thraldom of error and deprived of the light and blessing of God's eternal truth. We are equally conscious of another fact: and that is, that the deep-rooted and all pervading prejudice, of which we complain, and which, while it remains, must continue to be a protific source of evil and suffering, is not the legitimase result of the sentiments we inculcate, but is purely the sult of perversion and misrepresentation. It is painful to reflect that so many whom God has blessed with the talent, and the means, if rightly used, to instruct and enlighten their fellow men, should lend all their efforts and devote their noblest faculties, to obscure the light of the Gospel, and strive by every means that human art and ingenuity can devise to keep the world in darkness, and ignorance, and to prevent the truth from doing its perfect work in the conversion of the world from sin and from error.

We believe that we have the best and purest system o faith under heaven, one that gives to God the highest Glory, and points out to man the only sure method of obtaining that happiness which is so much desired and so eagerly sought after by all rational intelligences. It is a system in perfect accordance ith the divine attributes, and in harmony with the nature that God has given us, and all we are fully persuaded, that is necessary to secure its ready and joyful acceptance by every one of that bigoted and prejudiced multitude, that are arrayed against it, is simply to let them know what it is. The leaders in the popular Church, and all those who have a selfish interest in perpetuating the reign of error, understand this perfectly well, hence their strenuous endeavors to keep the people in the dark. The mass of the people we may depend upon it, are honest and sincere, and would sooner "cut off the right hand or pluck out the right eye," than engage in the bitter and relentless warfare against our doctrine, in which so many of them have engaged, if they knew what they were about. Thousands who once like Saul of Tarsus, in their blind and bigoted rage opposed, and verily thought that they were doing God service, when fighting with all their might against the truth, have, since they were brought to the light, testified to their sincerity, though filled with grief at the terrible consequences of their former blindness. And thousands more there are, doubtles, that would be ready to offer a similar confession, if they could only be brought to see and understand the truth as it is in Jesus. But how is this great end to be obtained? That is the question to be considered. The enemies of this blessed truth are numerous and on the alert. Through their masterly efforts and perfect organization they are continually pouring forth the poisonous streams of error into every nook and corner of the land. Through their instrumentality and their unceasing efforts, our way has been so hedged up, that the ordinary means of propagating our sentiments, those which have been so successfully relied upon in former times, will no longer avail us, and hence our cause in this vicinity, at least, has been almost at a stand-still for the last few years. What is to be done in this emergency? We believe that "the truth is mighty and must prevail," but none of us, can be so unwise as to suppose that is to be done without means. People will not believe the truth unless they hear it, and in the language of an apostle we may ask, "How can they hear without a preacher? And how can they preach except they be sent?" And how, we may add, are the numerous places in our vicinity, to be supplied with the preached word, but through the agency of the Missionary Society. If any object to this method, let them propose a better one. If, as we propose to show, when it shall be convenient to resume the subject, this is the best and only feasible method of accomplishing the much needed work of extending the borders of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and building up the waste places in our Zion, then it obviously becomes the duty of all who wish well to our cause, to unite their efforts with those already engaged in the work, and by every lawful endeavor aid in securing for it a speedy and glorious triumph. Want of space compels us to forbear further remarks at the present time. S. C. B.

Christianity the Light of the World.

Light is one of the most common figures employed to illustrate the value of the Gospel, and its effects upon the hearts of its believers. God is himself styled the Father of Lights, and all who obey him are said to walk in the light. Jesus is called the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And his disciples, who borrowed their light from him, and who came forward to occupy his place after he had retired from the world, are called the light of men.

I know of no figure more striking and appropriate than this. It sets forth, in a very happy manner, the attractive nature of the Gospel. Think a moment of the glories of light. Suppose yourself out upon the heaving ocean, in a stormy, tempestuous night, when all is darkness, when not a star glitters in its feeble light upon you, how would your heart rejoice to behold the full moon pour its beams upon the troubled waters? Or suppose yonrself sailing along upon a dangerous coast, enveloped in darkness, how welcome would be the beacon light set up to guard you from the rocks and dangers of the coast? Imagine for a moment that the sun were hidden from our view for a whole year; that our whole earth, for this space of time, were enveloped in perfect darkness, how dreary and desolate would be the abode of man, how deeply wretched would be his condition; and with what emotions of rapture would he hail the rising of the sun! What the sun is to the natural world, the Gospel is to the moral world. Hence Jesus is called the Sun of Righteousness, and is said to have arisen with healing in his wings.

Light not only shows the peculiar attractions of the Gospel, but represents its office; and in this respect, the figure is truly appropriate. We shall be satisfied of this, by considering,

1st, The ignorance of man. God says—"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Those without the light of truth are represented as sitting in darkness, and the region of the shadow of death. Darkness is said to cover them, yea, gross darkness. They are represented as groping their way like the blind. This is indeed a melancholy and painful view of the condition of the world; but it is true as it is melancholy and painful. Look at those without the Gospel. They are ignorant of God, knowing not whether he is partial and cruel, or wise and good; whether he is great and powerful, or feeble and imperfect like man. They are ignorant of their duty, thinking that the most acceptable service they can render, is to sacrifice their children, inflict upon themselves painful wounds, and take long and tedious journeys to the shrine of some favorite god. They are ignorant of their destiny, thinking that when they die, they may be doomed to tortures unutterable and endless. Thus on all the great subjects of human interest and duty they are ignorant.

2d. This however, is not the only darkness which envelopes the human soul. There is the darkness of sin, which is felt by thousands and millions, even in this land of Gospel light. And Oh, what can equal this? Think of a soul shrouded in hatred, cruelty, revenge, and all that is black and vile! Think of a soul, not only shut out from God, and Christ, and truth, and virtue, but filled with all that is evil; in love with all that is odious; encased in the darkest forms of vice. You may see such beings by going into the lanes and dens of this city. Some of the objects which you will there behold, although they may have the form of human beings, have but few traces of their features or feelings. Had I never witnessed the desolations of sin, the dark and fearful changes which it can work, I could not believe it possible for human beings to become so beastly, so lost, so degraded, so ruined, as the abandoned are.

Such is man without a Savior. Now there is but one way in which this ignorance and sin can be destroyed, and that is by light—the light of truth and virtue. Here an important question arises. It is this. Is there a sufficiency of light in the Savior to enlighten the world? Unless there is, why should he be called the light of the world? Why should he be styled the Sun of Righteousness? Why should it be said—In him all fulness dwells? These expressions enable us to believe that all shall be taught of God; that all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest; that the knowledge of God shall cover the earth.

Jesus says, our light should not be hid; that men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle stick, that it may give light unto all that are in the house. Now does the Savior act upon this principle? Or will he put his light under a cover? Will he cause the sun of truth to scatter abroad the beams of light, until all darkness is exterminated from the world, or will he hide his light behind a cloud of error, prejudice and sin? If the latter, his own religion will condemn him; for he will act upon the principle of those who hide their light.

Whatever, therefore, may be the view we take of this subject, we are fully justified in saying, the light of truth will shine on and on, until the whole world shall come to the knowledge of the truth.

"He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight." O. A. S.

Extract of a Letter from Brentwood, N. H.

We have received a letter from Br. D. C. Davis of the above place, from which we take the liberty to give a short extract. We are happy to hear from him, and of his prosperity. May he be a diligent student, a faithful minister, and a devoted christian. We will send him the Messenger on the terms proposed. Perhaps he can obtain us a few subscribers. Such an aid would be more acceptable than money. From the letter it will be seen that Br. D. is a working minister; and that he does not deem it sufficient merely to perform the duties of the pulpit:

Br. Skinner— * * * Our Society in this place prospers beyond my expectation. Our attendance is large, the house well filled, and singing good. Our cause is prospering finely. We have a good Sabbath School, and a small library, &c. We have thought of having an exhibition on Christmas Eve; and I sheuld deem it a great favor if you would send me a few pieces for single children, or some short dialogue such as you had in Warren street.

Our engagements are such, that we cannot comply with the above request. We would cheerfully, if we could. We have much to write for an exhibition of our own School, which is to take place on Christmas night.

Removal.

Br. B. S. Hobbs has received and accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the First Universalist Church in Upper Lisle, Broome county, N. Y., and has removed from Walton to that place. May the connection prove a lasting and a happy one.

Br. H. desires all cemmunica'ions, intended for him, to be directed to Upper Lisle, Broome Co.

Denominational papers please copy.

Boonville, Mo.—The Universalists of this place have a Church nearly completed. The cause is forward in all parts of the country.

Not Utterly Lost.

"*But dismal as the picture is to which they have descended, we have it for our comfort that they are not utterly lost.*"

So says Dr. Bushnell in his very excellent discourse on "BARBARISM THE FIRST DANGER." He says it in reference to the most deplorable state of barbarism into which Israel had declined, in the times of the Judges, while "colonizing a new region and building up a new social fabric." He adds, "after they have sounded the lowest depths of misery and social debasement, a Samuel appears, collects the scattered elements, works them gradually towards order, and the new nation, taking root, begins to rise."

There is something beautiful, grand, sublime, in the thought here developed. It marks the process of the paternal government of God, in disciplining a nation for a more exalted condition, physically, socially, and religiously. The Divine Wisdom saw fit to allow his chosen people to become depraved, to sink to the lowest pit of debasement but "they are not *utterly lost.*" A prophet arises, in due time, who collects the scattered elements and works them *gradually* towards order, and a *new* nation arises. God's grace did not fail. His plan underwent no change; but he steadily, and, by means to mortals incomprehensible, successfully prosecuted it to a complete and glorious termination.

There is something peculiarly touching in such descriptions —something that goes home to our hearts, awakening our best feelings and creating our best *desires*. NOT UTTERLY LOST! The *tenth* and last piece of silver, mentioned in the parable, was "*not utterly lost.*" The *hundredth* and *only* lost sheep was searched for *until* it was found. It was "*not utterly lost.*" And "there shall be *one fold* and *one* Shepherd." There was joy in the presence of the angels of God over the repentance of a single sinner. Can we be blamed, in our poor humanity, for desiring, nay *hoping*, nay *believing*, that no child of Adam, "dismal as the picture is to which many have descended," will be *utterly lost*. Aye, believing that such shall never be, "we have it for our comfort" now, and do rejoice with exceeding great joy. Would it not be a great comfort to a thousand hearts now wretched beyond description thro fear that some, probably *many*, will be *utterly lost*—as Dr. Young has it:

> "Oh! must I look with terror on my chain,
> And with existence only measure pain?
> What? no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
> No beam of hope from any point of heaven?
> Ah! Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
> Is Love extinguished in the source of Love?"

How many thousand souls have been made sad, comfortless, filled with despair, driven to insanity, suicide, and untimely death, by the horrid dogma that many of God's children will "descend into such misery and abasement that they will be *utterly lost*"—that God will forsake them; nay, more, that he will visit them with his inexorable wrath, and enhance their misery to infinite in severity and duration! Oh, could such once come to have faith in Jesus as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," who will "destroy death and him that hath the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death are all their life-time subject to bondage," how would their heart's rejoice, and bless God for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men! May the Lord give grace to the simple, and convert the hard-hearted.

W. S. B.

Spirit of the Opposition.

It is surprising to see the reckless character of the opposition which we have to encounter. Many who are engaged in their warfare against us, seem to bid defiance to all principles of honesty and truth. There is no falsehood too great for them to utter, and no act of injustice too shameful for them to commit. We say not this of all who are opposed to us. Some of them are manly, and war against us in a manly manner. Such we respect, and while we deny the correctness of their reasoning and the justness of their conclusions, we accord to them honesty of purpose, and love them not the less because they dissent from our opinions. But that mean and lying class of opponents, who are perpetually slandering us, and dealing in unblushing falsehoods; who act upon the principle that the importance of their object justifies the use of every form of deception, are too contemptible and wicked to be mentioned with the least favor or respect. It may be thought that we use strong language, but before any condemn us, let them read the following, which we cut from the American Messenger, an orthodox paper of this city:

A REASON FOR PREACHING UNIVERSALISM.

A young man, who began preaching the doctrine of Universal Salvation, apparently in sincerity, though soon led by divine grace to renounce it, when once conversing with a leading member of his church, sustained an opinion he had advanced, by saying, that the Bible plainly taught the same sentiment.

"The Bible!" said the parishioner; "I don't believe the Bible!"

"Don't believe the Bible!" said the minister in astonishment—"you don't believe the Bible! Then why did you send for me, and why do you keep me here to preach to you?"

"Well," said the other, "to be candid, I will tell you. The truth is, both as to myself, and all the leaders of your congregation, that we don't believe the Bible. Most of us are either Atheists or Infidels, and we would like to bring all the community to our views. But such are the prejudices of education and early impressions, that we can't, and don't expect to do this all at once. But we thought, if we could get you to preach *Universalism, and make people believe that, they would all gradually slide over to our views, and, in the end, be sure to be with us!*"

Such was the substance of the answer actually given, and which was one means of awakening the preacher to see the error of his doctrine, and to renounce it *for the Gospel* which he now preaches. May it be blessed of God to others, as well as to him!

There reader! was ever anything more wickedly false? What is the purport of this article? Is it not that Universalist Ministers are supported by their people for the purpose of aiding infidelity? The reader will observe, that no names are given. The parish is not mentioned; neither is the name of the parishioner. The story is without doubt a fabrication; but whether a fabrication or not, it is a malicious misrepresentation of Universalists.

O. A. S.

Change of Titles.

Br. Palmer, of the "Gospel Missionary," in concluding a friendly notice of the commencement of a new volume of the Messenger, says, that he thinks but little will be gained by the change from "Union" to Ambassador. He likes the old title better, "it is so expressive." Having no further use for the old title to our octavo form, we have no objection to bequeath it to Br. P., with the wish that in his hands it may become significant of better fortune, than that which attended the inventor and late proprietor. Notwithstanding the kind suggestions of our Br., we still think, as do most of our patrons, that the title, "Christian Ambassador," is sufficiently expressive for our use.

S. C. B.

Christian Inquirer.

We have inadvertantly omitted to announce, that this paper has entered upon its second volume. It is devoted to the interests of Unitarians. We have been pleased with its spirit and manly independence, and the earnest manner in which it has advocated Christian Union. Price $2 50 to city subscribers, and $1,00 to mail subscribers. Office 252 Broadway, N. York.

O. A. S.

Test of Fellowship.

It is truly gratifying to witness the manner in which the late action of the N. Y. Association, on this important subject, has been received by the denomination at large. Probably no single measure that could have been adopted would have given more general satisfaction. The denominational press without a dissenting voice, so far as we have noticed, has spoken of it in terms of decided and warm approval. And originating, as it did, with the laymen, the measure, as a natural consequence, is quite as as acceptable to them, as to the Clergy, whose standing and interest are more immediately affected by it. Indeed we see nothing in it that any reasonable man can object to. It is not, as some who have maintained rather a questionable position, so far as a christian profession is concerned, have vainly endeavored to make it appear, "a narrowing of the denominational basis," or "the introduction of a new test differing altogether from the old;" but it is merely a more precise definition of what has tacitly been assented to from time immemorial. It was not the wish of the mover, or of those who advocated the measure, to introduce any thing new, or essentially different from that which has hitherto been held by Universalists, but simply to embody and express in as precise a form as possible, the ancient profession of faith. The same declaration, in substance, is required of every individual, male or female, when admitted into fellowship, in any of our churches, and we are at a loss to conceive, why the same may not be required of one who enters the sacred calling of the ministry. To sign such a declaration is, in our estimation, but a frank, manly, and christian way of letting the world know that we are not ashamed of Christ and his cause: and to refuse to sign it, is but a tacit confession that an individual has not full fath in the christian religion, and, consequently, cannot consistently hold fellowship with those that have. We are not proscriptive in this matter, nor do we desire to have any excluded from our fellowship, who rightfully bear our name; but we do desire that the mask of hypocricy should be torn from those who assumed the garb of Christsanity, only as a mask, to enable them to war more successfully against its interests. We believe the measure, in question, was the shortest, easiest, and most effectual method of accomplishing this object, and we, therefore, feel to rejoice, in common with all our brethren of like precious faith, in a movement so wisely conceived, and so happily consummated. We do not doubt that it is destined to exert a most salutary influence upon our cause within the limits of our own Association, and we have most cheering indications from abroad that its beneficient results are to be more widely extended. We shall look with much interest for the result of the discussion, held this week, in the Boston Association, and we trust that other Associations and Con entions, when a suitable opportunity occurs, will take up this matter, and that the process of expurgation will be continued, until the work of renovation is completed, and our denomination is forever freed from all suspicion of an alliance with the extravagant pretensions of modern seers, and the unholy workings of the abetters and promulgators of the new, transcendental "Philosophico Theology." S. C. B.

Fair in Williamsburgh.

The Ladies of the Universalist Church in Williamsburgh will hold a Fair on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, the 22d instant; the proceeds of which will be devoted to furnishing their new Church.

Likeness of Br. Chapin.—A few copies of the above elegantly engraved likeness for sale at this office.

Congregational Singing.

Our thoughts on this subject are well expressed in the following article. The ability of most people to become singers has been proved by experiment made in our public schools, where almost all the children learn to sing with great exactness. Singing is a science, we admit, and any person to become an adept in it must study the rudiments. But after all, it is practice that makes perfect. Language is a science, more than an art, and yet the use of it is acquired by practical exercises, more than by the knowledge of rules and the study of treatises. Good singing comes by dint of application, and many become excellent singers without having heard of Rythm, or Dynamics. They have cultivated both ear and voice, and thereby become proficients. They had a *natural* talent undoubtedly, for singers like poets are "born not made." The best orators study nature more than art. But this is not saying that such would not succeed far better to bring to their aid the help of science, gained from experience and the knowledge of first principles. It argues rather, that those who have a talent should cultivate it to a more perfect growth.

Yet after all, it is glorious to hear good congregational singing—singing with the "*spirit* and *understanding* also"—with the *spirit* at any rate, for without it, like speaking, it becomes a dull, heartless, prosy affair. We need more spiritual, hearty, congregational singing—in our Conference meetings especially. Good, spirited, stirring music is the soul of a social meeting. We wish all the believers would exert themselves more to help secure a blessing upon our social gatherings, by doing what they can to warm up a spirit of devotion by singing the songs of Zion. W. S. B.

Mr. Editor.—In my goings up and down in New England, these last few months, I have been confounded with what I have seen in the churches of almost all denominations, in relation to the important part of the public worship of God which consists in singing. Would you believe it, in scarcely one church which I have been in during the last six months, have I heard any one sing, (save perhaps in the doxology, or in some extraordinary case) except the choir! This does amaze me. If there be any part of the divine worship in which all the people should take part, it is that of, the praise of God. And of all portions of our country where I expected to find the whole congregation take part in this delightful act of religious service, New England is the very first. Bnt I found that even the whole-souled Methodists are sinking down into the most whetched of all practices—of having the choir, often consisting in part or whole of hired singers, do the singing, and the congregation sitting or standing in perfect silence. And this, too, emphatically in the land of singing schools! Shade of Ichabod Crane! How in the world has this come about? What, in a land where everybody has gone to singing school and learned more or less of the elements of vocal music, has it come to this, that it is impossible to train a congregation to sing fifty, or one hundred good tunes, in which all who can sing at all, may unite? What is the matter? Must the edification of the people—must the praise of God by the people—even by *all* the people—be sacrificed to exact harmony, to refined and elegant music, uttered indeed very often by a "thoughtless tongue?"

For my part, I am not astonished to find religion in a very low state in the churches in New England, so long as a most Important part of divine worship—the most *popular*—is so conducted that the congregation has little more interest in it than in listening with feelings very similar to those of the spectators in the theatre. This is all wrong. I would rather, infinitely rather, have the whole-hearted singing, even if not scientific and accurate, of a good congregation of blacks in the South, than this lifeless, soulless, Godless manner of conducting this portion of divine worship. The fact that it exists is proof enough that there is but little spiritual life in the churches in these parts.

Likeness of Br. Thayer.—The above spirited and life-like representation of Br. T. may be obtained at this office, either in sheets, or elegantly framed, as the purchaser may prefer.

Suicide of Rev. Joseph Bennett.

We have been pained to learn, that Rev Joseph Bennett, of Woburn, Mass., committed suicide, by cutting his throat, Nov 12th. He was pastor of the Orthodox Congregationalist Church in that town; and had been for about twenty-five years. He had been married to his second wife only about one month. He regarded her as a woman worthy of his esteem and the position she occupied. No reason can be assigned for the dreadful act, unless it be attributed to a nervous affection, to which he was subjected. There had been for some time a division in his parish, which it was feared would result in his dismissal. This, it was supposed, deeply affected him, and it may have led him to commit the dreadful deed which cut him off from the earth. He was an impulsive man, and easily elated by prosperity and depressed by adversity. During his ministry in the town, there were some occasions on which many supposed him a little deranged. On those occasions his conduct was wild and eccentric.

With Mr. Bennett we were well acquainted. Woburn was the first town in which we were settled as a minister. At that time the opposition to our cause was strong, and Mr. Bennett was very active in his efforts against it. He did many things that were unkind and unfair, but we never thought him wanting in honesty. He acted more from impulse than from any evil intentions; more from the advice of injudicious friends, than from the promptings of his own heart. He was not a man of strong mind, though he had much tact, and more zeal. He was a successful minister, and on the whole, always exerted a good influence in his town.

We are pleased with the manner in which the Trumpet speaks of the melancholy event. The orthodox in Woburn attributed a suicide which occurred in the place during our ministry there, to the awful influence of Universalism. Much, too, has been said of late, in orthodox papers, about the suicide of Rev. George Richards. We are not disposed to render evi for evil. Man is a weak being, and in his desponding mo ments, may take a step which is both sad and painful.

O. A. S.

Dedication at West Cummington, Mass.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, the following account, furnished by a friend and correspondent, of the dedication of another church to the worship of the God and Savior of all, at the place above named, on the 11th ult.

1.—Voluntary, by the Choir.
2.—Prayer, by Br. Perkins, of Shelburne Falls.
3.—Hymn.
4.—Reading of the Scriptures, by Br. Wilcox, of Colerain.
5.—Hymn.
6.—Sermon, by Br. E. Guilford, Pastor of the Society.
7.—Dedication Hymn.
8.—Prayer, by Br. Wilcox.
9.—Benediction.

Sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening by Brs. Wilcox, and A. W. Mason. The services of the evening were closed by a very interesting Conference meeting. The exercises throughout were of a high order, and excited a deep interest on the part of those in attendance. The church is described as a very neat edifice, 32 by 42 feet, finished in modern style and ornamented with a spire, at a cost of about twelve hundred dollars We learn from Br. G., our informant, that this is the first church belonging to our order in Hampshire county. The Society, though called to contend with a bitter and graceless opposition, is now in a prosperous and flourishing condition, and in the work it has accomplished presents an example of zeal and faithfulness, worthy of commendation and imitation by all of like precious faith. May the Lord prosper it abundantly.

S. C. B.

New Universalist Society.

A Society has recently been formed, with very encouraging prospects, in the new city of Lawrence, Mass. Br. G. H. Clark, late of Lockport, N. Y., has received and accepted an invitation to become their pastor. The "Christian Freeman" remarks that, "This Society is founded upon the faith of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." We had supposed that such was the case with all Universalist Societies, rightly so called; and that ministers of the true faith should abide by the apostolic maxim—"For I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." We rejoice in believing that Br. Clark is one of the right stamp, and that he will be abundantly successful in his new location.

S. C. B.

Dedication in Canton Mass.

A new and elegant meeting house erected by the Universalist Society in Canton, was dedicated, on Wednesday the 10th. ult.

Sermon by Br. A. A. Miner, of Lowell, from James II. 18. Bros. W. G. Anderson, Geo. W. Quimby, A. Hitchborn, H. Ballou, and Mr. Huntoon, pastor of the Unitarian Society in that town, took part in the services.

Br. Quimby in a letter published in the Trumpet says:

The day was pleasant—the house filled in every part with attentive hearers, and the occasion one of much interest. The sermon from Br. Miner, was founded on James II. 18: "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." The object of the speaker was to show the necessity of a correct faith as the foundation of good works; and he seemed to be master of his subject. His discourse was a thoroughly digested and well arranged production, and delivered in a forcible and eloquent manner. It must have been the means of good.

In the afternoon, a most powerful sermon was preached by Br. E. H. Chapin. It was a *Christian* production, calculated to "satisfy the hungry soul." There was no quibbling, nor varnish used by the speaker. *He gave Christ the crown;* and bid us all seek *Him* for rest—we could find it nowhere else. This sermon should be published and extensively read by Universalists; it would do them much good.

In the evening a public service was also holden, and a discourse preached by Br. C. H. Fay, from Titus II. 11, 12. I was not present, but understood that the sermon was of a high order, as the character of the author would indicate, and the occasion a very happy one. The object of the speaker was to show the adaption of christiaanity to the present wants of the soul.

The Church is a neat and commodious building, containing 56 pews, with a fine belfry and spire. It is thoroughly carpeted, and is furnished with a goed toned reed organ. It is centrally located, and is an honor to the Society. They have a good, faithful minister, Br. C. W. Mellen. May they be faithful and united, and peace and prosperity will attend them. G. W. Q.

P. S. I forgot to say, that the choir performed their part on the above mentioned occasion, with honor to themselves, and much satisfaction to the people.

C. W. Q.

Missionary Meeting.

The New York Universalist Missionary Society will meet on Tuesday evening, December 14th, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Pineapple, corner of Fulton street. It is expected that the meeting will, as usual, be interesting; and hopes are entertained that our Brooklyn friends will turn out in all their strength, and that New York will also contribute numerously to the attendance.

G. L. D.

Another Dedication.

The new Universalist meeting house in Cumberland, Me. was dedicated on the 27th ult. The occasion is described as having been an unusually interesting and happy one. Sermon by Br. R. Streeter. of Portland. Brs. J. Whittier, N. Gunnison, J. P. Atkinson, and Z. Thompson, took part in the services.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

The Winter term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 15, and continue fourteen weeks.

Rev. T. J. Sawyer, M. A., Principal of the Male Department, Teacher of German, and the higher English Branches.

J. W. Round, M. A., Teacher of Greek and Latin.

B. W. Chase, B. A., Teacher of Mathematics.

Miss M. Richards, Principal of the Female Department, and Teacher of French.

Miss J. E. Barker, Teacher of Music.

Miss S. Hutchins, Teacher of Drawing.

Mr. W. McNeal, Teacher of Primary Department for Boys.

Tuition, including room rent, varies according to studies from $4 50 to $7.50. Drawing and Penmanship extra.

Board may be had at from $1.00 to $2.00 per week, according to accommodations.

It is important that students should be present at the commencement of the term.

An Examination takes place on the last Friday of each term.

We copy the following from the last number of the "Star in the West," for the benefit of all concerned. Who, among the younger brethren in the ministry, will answer to the call?

Wants and Removals in Illinois.

Br. F. Whittaker has resigned the charge of the Universalist Society, Jamesville, W. T., and proposes to itinerate in that vicinity. The Society is anxious to procure the services of an industrious and talented preacher to take his place.

Br. G. W. Lawrence has removed from Aurora, Ill., to Janesville, W. T., at which place he desires to be addressed.

Br. D. P. Bailey has recently left Illinois, with the intention of spending the winter among his friends in New Hampshire. In consequence of this, the Society at Littleport is without a preacher.

In reference to the above facts, Br. S. P. Skinner, of Chicago, says: We have now four Societies in the region round about, in want of Pastors, viz: Joliet, Aurora, and Littleport, Illinois, and Janesville, in the Territory. In all of these places there are numerous Universalists, not deficient in zeal and liberality; and in all, so far as I have learned, the Societies were in a state of tolerable prosperity when their ministers left them. Are they to be suffered to languish and die, or will some of our young preachers at the East, who have a little of the spirit of self-sacrifice, come out and minister to them?

Melrose Seminary, West Brattleboro, Vt.

We have received a Catalogue of the Officers and Students of this new Institution from Rev. John L. Lee, the Principal. This Academy is located in one of the pleasantest villages in New England, and is conducted upon the liberal principles.—It is under the charge of a board of Trustees, who are generally Universalists, and the Principal is a preacher of that doctrine, formerly connected with the school in Swanzey, N. H. From the exhibit in the Catalogue, we should judge our friends were disposed to avail themselves of the favorable opportunity there offered, to educate their sons and daughters in the right way. We hope this attempt may prosper abundantly, and the institution be permanently established. W. S. B.

The Gospel Missionary.

This excellent paper, formerly published at Montrose, has been removed to Reading, Pa. It has just entered upon a new volume, and with Br. Palmer as proprietor and principal Editor, aided by an able list of associates and correspondents, bids fair to increase its reputation as an able auxiliary in advocating the cause of truth.

☞ Subscribers in Brooklyn, by leaving their residences at this office, will be served by the carrier.

Rev. O. Whiston.

This faithful and able minister of the Gospel has been employed by the New York Universalist Missionary Society, to labor in the Missionary field. He has entered upon his duties under flattering auspices. We anticipate that great and good results will be effected by his labors. We hope that our friends will do what they can to encourage him in his work.

He who makes an idol of his interest, makes a martyr of his integrity.

New York Christian Messenger.—This paper has been enlarged, and otherwise much improved. It now takes rank with the largest of our weeklies, and is ably edited by Brs. W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley. These brethren are well known as faithful and talented preachers and writers—and the Messenger ought to, and no doubt will, flourish under their management. Price $2 per annum, in advance. Address S. C. Bulkeley & Co., 140 Fulton street, New York.—*Star in the West.*

Decrease of Methodism in England.

The Presbyterian Herald, of October 28, says:—"It appears, by statistics recently published, that Methodism is losing ground in England and Ireland. At the late meeting of the Wesleyan Conference, Rev. Joseph Cusworth presented the returns of the number of members in connection with the Conference, from which it appears that there are

In Great Britain,	349,379
In Ireland,	24,633
On the Foreign Stations,	100,303
Total,	464,315

These returns show that there has been a decrease,

In Great Britain,	2,089
In Ireland,	2,913
Total,	5,002
And an increase on the Foreign Stations,	553
Leaving a nett decrease of	4,749

Discussion in Union Co., Ohio.—There will be a discussion of the merits of Universalism and Endless Misery in the town of Newtown, Union county, Ohio, commencing the first Tuesday in January, between C. T. Wait, Universalist, and Elder Daniel Griffin, Newlight, or Christian.—*Star in the West.*

New Publications.

Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics, No. 2.—This is a most valuable work, eminently practical, and suited to the wants of the community. It is written in a peculiarly plain and easy style, and illustrates its most important principles by numerous engravings. Few works have been published of late, deserving a wider circulation among the people. It is to be completed in eight numbers, at 25 cents each. Published by Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Buildings.

Union Magazine, for December.—This new and excellent Monthly comes with great regularity. The present number has, in addition to its full share of reading, two fine engravings, by Ladd, from designs by F. H. Matteson. The Union bids fair to rival any publication of the kind in the country.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.—There is not, in the whole range of periodical literature, a publication of greater merit "in its line," or one of more value to the man of business, to the statesman, or to the man who loves positive information touching the condition of his race, than this Magazine. It has gained for itself a reputation enjoyed by few others. It contains none of the light, trashy nonsense, found in too many of the monthlies. Office 142 Fulton street.

Demonstration in Favor of Italy.

An immense and enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday evening, to sympathise with Pope Pius IX., and the people of Italy, in their noble attempts to establish their National Independence and Constitutional Freedom. Letters were received, and read, from Ex-President Van Buren, Vice President Dallas, Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Hon. W. H. Seward, Hon. T. H. Benton, and several other distinguished gentlemen, all approving in the highest terms, the conduct of the Roman Pontiff, and expressing most earnest hopes for the success of the liberal movements in that ancient and classic country.

The following Resolutions were presented. Eloquent speeches were made by Messrs. B. F. Butler, T. Sedgwick, J. S. Bosworth, J. W. Gerard, D. Selden, S. Jones, Jr. R. Kelly, D. D. Field, S J. Tilden, and Sig. Felix Farresti, (in Italian.) The greatest enthusiasm prevailed during the entire proceedings.

We were rejoiced to notice the expressions of liberal and enlarged sentiments by all the speakers, who denounced all party and sectarian views, and advocated, in the most eloquent strains, individual rights and freedom, and social equality. We were doubly rejoiced to observe the effect which all such appeals had upon the entire mass there assembled. One loud burst of applause went forth at every allusion to the great doctrine of human rights and universal brotherhood of man. We could not forbear the contrast of the present with the former years. How long is it since such sentiments would have been scouted as false and pernicious, and the advocates of them been condemned as disturbers of the peace? And even now, we are disposed to think, all do not feel the power nor perceive distinctly, the tendency of them. It is not long since an expression of such doctrines would have exposed their advocates to persecution and imprisonment, even in New England. And it is a matter of doubt whether, even now, some of the men in high places in the Church, who were present, would be willing to give practical illustrations of such principles; or even the Pope himself. Still we rejoice, in devout thankfulness, that such truths do find an utterance, and an advocacy, and that they meet with such a cordial and general response from the multitude. The People are generally right, or, at least, are willing to be so, whenever opportunity is given. We trust this meeting will do good, and help to encourage his Holiness to go forward in the good work, till free toleration, and political and spiritual freedom will be enjoyed by all men.

W. S. B.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That we regard, with the highest interest, the progress of free institutions in all countries; and especially in one to which we are so much indebted as to Italy, whose laws and whose military and civil policy have penetrated the Institutions of half the modern world.

2. *Resolved*, That the past history and the present condition of the Italians have made them the objects of peculiar interests with all Christendom. The renown of Ancient Rome—the mournful history of her struggles and her sufferings—have made her fate an object of especial solicitude with all scholars, all lovers of the Beautiful, all admirers of heroic deeds, and all republicans.

3. *Resolved*, That no freeman can look coldly on the present struggle of the Italians for National Independence and Constitutional Liberty; that our hearts have been with them since the first movement, when the cry of Freedom was uttered; and will beat for them until all Italy is free, from Calabria to the Alps.

4. *Resolved*, That we present our most hearty and respectful salutations to the Sovereign Pontiff for the noble part he has taken in behalf of his people; that, knowing the difficulties with which he is surrounded at home, and the attacks with which he is menaced from abroad, we honor him the more for the mild firmness with which he has overcome the one, and the true spirit with which he has repelled the other.

5. *Resolved*, That the cry of Freedom again in Italy is a sound which will summon the brave and the free of all nations to encourage with their voices, and to assist with their strength, if need be, the Italian people in their struggle for Liberty and Independence.

6. *Resolved*, That "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;" and that the noble attitude of Pius IX, throwing the vast influence of the Pontificate into the scale of well attempered Freedom, standing as the advocate of peaceful progress, the prompter at once of social amelioration, industrial development and political reform, unmoved by the parade of hostile armies hovering on his borders, hopeful for man and trusting in God, is the grandest spectacle of our day, full encouragement and promise to Europe, more grateful to us and more glorious to himself than all the triumphs on a hundred fields of battle.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

LINES TO M. S R.

On receiving from her a card, with the motto, "Affection beyond the grave."

> "Have we not commun'd here of life and death,
> Have we not said that love, such as ours,
> Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
> To melt away like song from festal bowers?"—HEMANS.

Dear friend, how oft in converse sweet, the hours
Have pass'd, unheeded, on their tireless way;
And thou and I, in plucking life's sweet flowers,
Have felt the influence of love's ceaseless sway.

Ah! yes, the breeze has come with music fraught,
Like spirit-whispers of departed friends;
And to our brows its cooling freshness brought,
Blessing pure thoughts, which Heaven, in mercy, sends.

Each tiny flower that blossomed in the wilds,
Spoke to our hearts, its tale of hope and love,
That God was watching o'er each earthly child,
That *all* would bloom in our bright home above.

And oh! the stars, with their calm, earnest eyes,
Told us so fondly of our friends on high;
Bade us from sin and passion upward rise,
That we might triumph when we came to die.

And oh! dear Mary, by the love which *here*
Bless'd us *so* deeply with its fadeless light;
By our communings, and the silent tear,
Telling of sympathy in sorrow's night;

We *will* believe, beyond death's darksome vale,
There is a home, where *our* fond souls shall blend
In union sweet, in *love* that cannot fail,
In praises dear, which ne'er can have an end.

Millington. Conn. LOUISA.

GLIMPSES OF THE SEASON.

Or Extracts from a Friend's Journal.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

June 30, 18—This has been a refreshing shower; and the cool breeze comes up from the sweeping shrubbery, bearing on its wings the richly delicious fragrance it there has culled. That beautiful fair rose! I did not know half its sweetness till now. So bright and yet so pallid! Ah me! it lavishes its life in this last effort to beautify nature; like genius breathing out its immortal dreams, and sending forth its soul upon earth, while the frail chrysalis seeks decay.

I have thought that every picture which glows upon the page of genius, was colored by the heart's blood of its too frail author; that while those lofty images were conceived, and the unfaltering pen scattered them profusely on the stainless sheet, Death might have been pointing his skeleton finger at that high mark, and laughing gleefully that his was the inspiration that was to entrance the world.

Oh earth, earth, I love thee not! Even in thy loveliness there is horror; in thy beauties there is a strange, wild fearfulness; and death is at the helm of brightness as much in the frail flower as in the hectic flush and glowing eye in which consumption tricks out her victims.

August 10.—It is the noon of night. The bright stars are peeping forth from their proud high casement, peaceful, and

calm, and placid, as a dream or a vision of Ossian. The genius of night has waved her still wand over the earth, and not a sound is awake, not a leaf astir; while the breeze quivers fitfully over slumbering nature, like the soft light hovering around the wing of some young angel. The full-orbed moon looks down upon the quiet scene like beauty watching over the couch of death; for even this fair earth, with all its pictured loveliness, is but a lazar-house of woe. Yes, even here among all the bright things of creation is happiness a stranger. Ambition burns the brain, and disappointed hope withers up the heart, and breaks down the spirit, until it droops and falters like some "wearied bird with broken wing." I would that I could now, in one comprehensive view, scan the whole earth and see the aching brows and wrung hearts which have thrown off the mask they wore before the world, and no longer smile in mockery of woe.

Alas! I fear there is none wearing the shackles of humanity but can say "I have had my dream." There is none but has reared his dome of hope high above truth's humble taper-light; and none but has seen the baseless fabric crumble into dust. Then there is none happy! In every bosom lie concealed withered hopes and dreams all dead; and it is well no human eye can penetrate the dark urn where rest the pale discolored flowers of other days. It is well that one heart knows not another's bitterness; that each sickened soul may brood over its own wrecked hopes *alone*.

What a comprehensive word is that "*alone*." None but they who feel it know its true import. It is not to be absent from the festal throng; it is not to sit down in the solitude of one's own chamber; it is not to bury ourselves from the world in the dark recesses of some forest; but it is to live and move as others do, yet feel ourselves all, all unlike them; to be obliged to bury up the heart lest it would rudely clash with other men's; to be known, and perchance honored, yet unloving and unloved. And yet there are some that bear this dark, soul-withering curse, worse than the mark of Cain, more intolerable than the dungeon or the rack.

August 26.—The viewless harps of faries are awake to-night. Yes, I know this is fairy music, for there is no earthly sound commingling, save now and then the shrill note of the cricket or the rush of the butterfly, as, half folding his tired wing, he attempts to leap from the silver-lined leaf of the unblossomed poplar to creep into the trembling flower of the blue-bell; or, ever and anon, a silver drop from the dew-bowed shrubbery pattering on the fallen leaves. I would that I could throw upon the page before me these wild, sweet melodies, which write upon the heart unutterable things.

The midnight air is filled
With rich music; and its deep wild gush
Sweeps strongly forth, and bids the world to hush
Its din; and it is stilled.

Then, with low whispering tone,
Like the last sigh of a departed one,
That all unmurmuring that his task is done,
Breathes out his life alone.

The soft sounds float along;
Or like a harp with one unbroken string,
Which still lone notes may round it fling,
Breaths forth its spirit-song.

Now fainter than the sigh
Of the last fragrant rose-leaf when it falls,
As its departed sister softly calls,
The low sweet strains move by.

And then again they burst,
In rich deep tones of melody untaught,
Stirring the spirit depths, and kindling thought,
Pure as is Eden erst.

I may not read the spell
Flung o'er my soul, but I may feel its power,
And twine bright thoughts around this hallowed hour,
On which alone to dwell.

* * * * * *

Alas! that tuneful cadence has died upon the air, the chain of pearls, but just now linked together, is all unstrung; and memory strives in vain to win back one sound to tell of what has been. It was a line of purple pencilled against the eastern sky, which, speaking of coming day, dispelled the illusions woven by the troop of fairy night-lovers. And so it ever is. The inspiration drunk in from its own gushing fountain is all oo delicate for common life; and the faintest touch of earth will dissipate all, and wrap the scene in pleasurable oblivion. Yet these moments are not without their effect upon the heart. In them are culled the gems which relieve its solitude; and all the sunny spots upon the character borrow their lustre from the hours when man was but a dreaming visionary.

October.—It is autumn—that rich and gorgeous season which mocks the vain pageantry of earthly grandeur. I have thought as I have viewed the splendid coloring of an October sunset, when old Sol sinks, all imbedded in gold and crimson, to his rest, that earthly sovereigns should for very shame cast off their regal splendor, nor condescend to be the apes of what they never can successfully imitate. And not only is there beauty in this—splendor, in the foot-prints of the day-god—but every tree, even the smallest leaf which glitters in the morning frost or noontide sunlight, wears nature's richest livery.

Yet there is something even in all this beauty which brings a chill upon the heart. It calls up a feeling of loneliness, of desolation, as the last pressure of the hand, the low, sad farewell whisper of the loved departed. I cannot define these feelings; yet, sad as they are, I would preserve them mine, for it is a sweet, holy sadness, which touches the heart not rudely, and wears off the incrustations of earthliness. It speaks to us in spirit-tones a holy lesson—it tells us "earth is not our home." As the flowers of early spring-time, we wake, we live, we perish. Earth's dearest ties, like all things else bright and beautiful, must break and shrivel.

There is another analogy between man and earth's voiceless existences. The beauties of spring are many, and delicate, and pure. But one warm sun-glance will wither them; one night-frost sweep them from earth; like the hopes and affections of youth enervated by prosperity, or chilled by disappointment.

The summer brings another class of beauties somewhat more enduring, a grade above the toys of spring-time; as is the more abiding character of manhood's hopes and enjoyments above those of earlier years. But it is in age—tranquil old age, (our young hearts to the contrary notwithstanding) that we are to look for nobler pleasures and truer happiness. As my eye has feasted on the gorgeous richness of autumn's glorious scenery, with the few flowers which cluster there laughing to scorn the white fingered frost and hurrying tempest, I have thought it an apt representation of the heart of the aged, enshrining in the noon of faded things its few priceless gems, over which earth has no power, and which death will brighten, not destroy. But my page is well nigh filled, and I will finish my evening's lucubrations with a stanza or two to

AUTUMN.

Yes, thou art passing fair,
Thy crimson leaf and fruit of golden hue,
Thy clouds of braided snow floating in blue;
The breath of dying flowers upon thy air;
Thy flashing waters and thy burnished sky,
All lend to the a magic witchery.

Beauty is on thy brow.
Like a long tower hung round by dreaming flowers,
That speak in voiceless grief of other hours;
Like beauty's lowly bier thou seemest now,
With shadowy mists, which wreathe them o'er thy sky.
As if to wrap some mystery from our eye.

And yet thou bringest death.
The leaf so gaily clad thou soon wilt sear,
And spring's forgotten flowers the lonely tear
May silent shed, then wither at thy breath.
Ah, Earth's bright things all feel thy stealthy tread!
All that spring taught my heart to love is dead.

December 31.—It is midnight. The wind heaves a heavier sigh as the clock sends forth its last chime; and now the old year has gone. Men have written another page in the book of their own destiny, and closed, and sealed it up, and laid it from their hands; it cannot be erased, nor improved—not a letter. Heaven pity those whose page is all, all blackness! It is an hour for serious sober thought; and as we think, what would we not give to lay a finger on the wheel of time, and turn it back a little, just a very little, we say, but where would we pause? There is not a word we would not have spoken, an act for which conscience has no oblivion, we would fain recall these rise up before us, and the heart sickens when looking upon its own work. But there is a yet more painful review. Not only are our acts and thoughts and feelings all registered upon the tablets of the past year, our omissions too, are there; and we find the balance fearfully against us. Who can estimate the long train of evils resulting from a single neglect of duty.

Another cycle has just been completed; and old father

Time totters beneath the weight of many that gird his brow. Among the sands that he has counted out to us, and which will never again be ours, how many have fallen at our feet, wasted, trampled upon. Those hours, those moments, those golden grains of time, could they be garned up to add so many more links to our existence, when the last have crumbled from the chain, how invaluable would they then appear? It is useless to mourn; we cannot regain the dissipated treasure; but another year is dawning upon us. Though we have been sad spendthrifts, this wealth, choicer than any other, may not be all exhausted—shall we be spendthrifts still?

The last departed year left yon old man bending over his grave; he is more tremulous now, his hand is almost nerveless, and his dim eye has lost it look of meaning; yet he still leans upon his staff, and is counted among the living; but the blossom which a few summers since sprang up beside him, faded with the types of her own loveliness. That pale mother still lingers with the family group; but where is the bud which, but a few years since, rested on her bosom? There is a fresher rose-tint on that young cheek, a newer light upon that brow, a warmer and richer current gushing up from the fountain of the heart; but the eye which watched for this is sealed. And so it is. The sun which gives life and vigor here, there steals it away; and the shower that nurses the young buds, scatters the blossoms to the earth.

Another year is dawning. Many joyous hearts will greet it; but how many of these will be pulseless? how many crushed and bleeding? and how many weighed down by the wretchedness of vice when its circuit shall be completed? Oh, who would read his fate, even for a single day, when there is so much of darkness and bitterness in it? yet, hoping for smiles and sunshine, who would be wholly unprepared for the shadows that gather aronnd the happiest pathway?

Indian Opinions of Sunday Religion.

Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, had been naturalized among the Six nations, and spoke well the Mohawk language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondago, he called at the habitation of Canassetego, an old acquaintance who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed and had lit his pipe, Canassetego began to converse with him; asked him how many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and when the discourse began to lag, the Indian, to continue it, said, "Conrad you have lived among the white people, and know something of their customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed, that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house: tell me what it is for." "They meet there," says Conrad, "to hear and learn good tnings." "I do not doubt," says the Indian, "that they tell you so, they have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons.

"I went lately to Albany, to sell my skins and buy blankets knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound; 'but,' says he, 'I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to meeting.' So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too, and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said but, perceiving that he looked much at me, and at Hans, I imagined that he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck a fire and lit my pipe, waiting till meeting should break up. I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver; I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my merchant. 'Well, Hans,' says I, 'I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound.' 'No,' says he, 'I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.' I then spoke to several dealers, but they all sung the same song—'three and sixpence, three and sixpence.' This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good things*, the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver.

"Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opiniou. If they meet so often to learn *good things*, they would certainly have learned some before this time. But they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man i travelling through our country enters one of our cabins, we a treat him as I do you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm hir if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may alla his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to re and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But if we goint a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drinl they say, 'Where is your money?' and if I have none. the say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see that they have nc learned those little *good things* that we need no meetings to b instructed in, because our mother taught them us when w were children; and therefore it is impossible their meeting should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any suc effect; they are only to continue *the cheating of Indians in th price of beaver.*"—*Franklin.*

Short Horned Stock.

We recently saw a fine three-fourth bred heifer, only 18 montl old, and exclusively grass-fed, for which her owner told us h had been offered fifty dollars by a butcher. We conceive thi to be a fair test of the comparative value of improved and ur improved stock. How many native grass fed cattle woul bring half this price at this age? And how long will it tak our farmers to understand this true interest by engrafting th improvements of eminent breeders upon their own herds?

Missionary Department.

Original.

The Tract Movement.

One of the modes by which the New York Universalist Mis sionary Society seeks to attain its object, is the issue and ci culation of Tracts. Of these it has published a series of twelv as follows:

No. 1.—What is Universalism? prepared by Br. Thos. J. Sawyer.

No. 2.—The New Birth, by Br. A. C. Thomas.

No. 3.—Repentance, by Br. Wm. S. Balch.

No. 4.—Punishment and Forgivness, by Br. Wm. S. Balch

No. 5.—Good and Evil—which shall triumph? by Br. M. Ballou.

No. 6.—Will you think of it? by Br. T. J. Sawyer.

No. 7.—The Safe Side, by Br. A. C. Thomas.

No. 8.—Who will be Saved? by Br. M. Ballou.

No. 9.—Salvation Special and Universal, by Br. Thoma B. Thayer.

No. 10.—Some Reasons for rejecting the Doctrine of Endle Misery, by Rev. J. N. Parker.

No. 11.—Scripture Evidences of a World's Salvation, b Br. H. Lyon.

No. 12.—Is there any change after Death? by Rev. J. Ga lager.

These Tracts may be obtained by individuals or Societie at the rate of 16 pages, or 4 Tracts, for one cent. And an number or series may be selected by the purchaser, so that any particular Tract or Tracts are desired for circulation, t one is compelled to take the entire series, though it is better circulate the whole where it is convenient,

This Tract movement is not so efficient as it might be, account of the want of competent organizations of our friend for the pupose of carrying it forward. Much good has been a ready accomplished by the efforts of the Missionary Society but not a tithe of what might be done, if a proper effort in t right way should be made. In every town where there is n a Society, or where regular ministerial labors cannot be o tained, as well as where Societies exist and flourish, the ought to be an organization of our friends, whether few many, for the purchase and distribution of Tracts. Let eac member of such organizations contribute what sum per mon they please, say from a cent to a half dollar, or more; and l means be provided for the circulation of such number of Tract as the sum thus raised will obtain, among those who oppose are ignorant of our faith. Thus, if only a dollar per month contributed, 400 Tracts per month may be distributed, 4,800 per year; and in proportion for a larger or smaller sur May not a vast deal of good be thus done, and at very sma expence? Let our friends, especially through this Associatio try the plan. If it shall be seen that Universalists apprecia the movement, there can be no doubt that the Missionary S ciety will enlarge its list. All orders for Tracts, accompani by the money, will be promptly supplied by S. C. Bulkeley Co., the Tract Agents.

G. L. D.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

WHAT IS NOT BEAUTIFUL?

A COLLOQUY FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

THE STARS.

The Stars that gem the brow of night
Are very beautiful and bright;
They look upon us from the skies.
With such serene and holy eyes,
That I have fondly deemed them worlds,
Where joy her banner never furls;
What marvel, then, that I should love
The Stars, that shine so bright above?

THE MOON.

The Moon that sails serenely through
The skies of evening, deeply blue,
Perhaps, half hidden from the eye
By some dark cloud that wanders by,
Yet shines with mellow light and pale,
Like some fair face beneath a veil,
Appears more beautiful to me
Than all the stars I nightly see.

THE SUN.

The golden Sun that rises bright,
And dissipates the gloom of night,
Is beautiful, and brighter far
Than is the largest evening star;
Its light at morning or at noon,
Exceeds the brightness of the moon.
The world, indeed, were very sad
Without his beams so warm and glad.

THE BIRDS.

The merry Birds upon the wing,
That all day long so sweetly sing,
And when the stilly evening comes,
Are sleeping in their leafy homes,
With plumage yellow, red and gold,
Are very pretty to behold;
I love to listen to their airs,
They drive away my gloomy cares!

THE BROOKS.

The brooks that through the meadows go,
And sing with voices sweet and low,
Are beautiful to look upon,
As gladly on their ways they run.
The tiny fishes gaily swim,
Their bosoms fair and clear within,
And flowers, that on their margins grow,
Look down to see themselves below.

THE FLOWERS.

The flowers that blossom every where,
And with their fragrance scent the air,
Are fairer than the birds or brooks,
With their serene and modest looks;
And though they have no voices sweet,
Like birds and brooks, our call to greet,
Yet in their silence they reveal
Such lessons as the heart can feel!

A CHILD.

But there is something brighter far,
Than sun or moon, or twinkling star,
And fairer than a bird or brook,
Or floweret, with its pleasant look—
It is a simple little child,
Whose heart is pure and undefiled,
And they who love their parents well,
In loveliness all things excell.

CONCLUSION.

The sun, the moon, the stars of night,
And birds and brooks, and blossoms bright,
With richest charms are ever full—
With *us* they are the Beautiful.
But little children who are good,
Whose tender feet have never stood
In pathways by the sinful trod,
They are the Beautiful with God!

Utica, N. Y.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

O humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers!

From the Youth's Visitor.

The Rose Bud.

Close by our cottage grew a beautiful rose tree. We pruned and reared it with our hands. Upon its early culture we knew depended much of the beauty and perfection of the future flower. We heaped around it the rich and mellow soil.—Spring came—the green grass appeared upon the earth, and the tender leaf began to sprout. The season had now come for our rose tree to show some signs of sweet promise. Soon a tiny rose bud appeared. It began slowly, and with modest grace, to unfold its crimson petals. We watched it with care and solicitude. When first the bud appeared, emotions of joy and pleasure sprang up in our bosoms. We knew that ere long the full blown rose would appear, filled with fragrance and crowned with beauty. And even the bud itself was beautiful, for it told us in liveliest hope of its future loveliness.

A few days passed on. A few gentle showers fell like evening dew, and the clear sunshine of heaven was shed bounteously upon fair nature, bursting into life. The rose expanded wide and put forth all its bloom. It was the delight of every eye. Many beheld its beauty and admired its exquisite loveliness. It was the pride of all the floral race and its fragrance filled the air.

On beholding this beautiful flower, and remembering it was once but a tiny bud, my mind immediately adverted in its silent musings, to life's opening morn, and the happy maturity of virtuous age. I never, perhaps saw greater beauty in youthful piety, though I had ever believed there was on earth no lovelier sight. Oh! how beautiful, when the budding flower of youth gently and humbly bends towards the Sun of Righteousness! How sweet, early to share the holy influences of Religion. She is the ornament and safe guard of youth, and a crown of glory to the hoary head.

Little Masten is very young, but he loves God, and delights to run the way of his commandments. How lovely to see him on the Sabbath morning, devout and attentive, among the worshippers of the blessed Savior! Of such how sweetly has the poet sung—

"'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
So mind religion young:
It will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong."

Fair, exceeding fair, is early devotion. Then is the flower of life offered in the bud. Upon such offerings God looks well pleased. It is his delight to see his children early blessed.—He loves them who remember him in the days of their youth. Young readers, do you love God? Are you looking forward to the bliss of heaven? Run with delight the way of his commandments. Religion will be thy life, thy joy, thy reward. Then when the flower of life shall fade and die, thou may'st reflourish and put forth a more perfect bloom, fast by the river of life in heaven.

MANORA.

Urbana, Ohio, 1847.

Curious Marriage Contract.

In the Royal Library of Paris is a written contract drawn up in 1297, between two persons of noble birth in Armagnac. The documents bound the husband and wife to faithful wedlock *for seven years.* It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children were to be equally divided, and if the number should chance not to be even, they were to draw lots for the odd one.

There is, in the same alcove of the Library, a contract between Saint Bernard, of the Diocese of Rheims and the ch atillon, by which the Saint binds himself to give the said nobleman the same number ef acres of land in Heaven as the church receives of him on earth.

Agricultural Department.

Passion for Farming.

A few years ago a tiller of the soil was but little more esteemed than the tiller of a canal boat. To sow wheat and raise carrots, was not only ungenteel, but "coarse and muscular." Within a short time, however, a passion for short horned Durhams and Mangel Wortzel has broken out even among our more wealthy citizens, that is perfectly refreshing to common sense, and will prove of incalculable benefit to the country.

A man of fortune now-a-days, looks upon himself as a snob, if he can't boast of one of the best regulated farms in the State, and a field of wheat that will turn in 70 bushels to an acre. Time was, when people boasted of their "turn coats" and equipages—their gold laced niggers and $1500 carriages, but that time is gone, especially with our millionaires. To pride yourself on such things now, is to proclaim you one of the "upper vulgar."

To be considered an aristocrat in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, you must be able to boast of bulls not bullion—of imported stock instead of railroad. For one, we rejoice at this change. All that farmers needed to make it fashionable was for our wealthy men to take hold of it. The good effect of the change already begins to show itself in every county in the State. Till men of fortune and study look to the plow, 30 and 40 bushels of oats to an acre were quite a good yield. Last year, however, many of our farmers run up their crops to 90 and 100 bushels—one gentleman indeed got as high as 112 bushels to an acre. Formerly yellow corn, in the best hands, would give 50 bushels to an acre—last season it amounted in some instances to 139 bushels, and what is true of oats and corn, is equally true of wheat, barley, hay, beans, and live stock. The size of our hogs has nearly doubled within the last ten years. Formerly a porker that weighed 400 pounds was something of a rarity, now, however, they are as common as three meals a day, or Dutch grocers in New York.

Glass Milk-Pans.

Glass Milk-Pans are coming more and more into use in Europe. Their advantages on the score of cleanliness must be obvious. It were to be wished that Societies and Institutes would appoint a Standing Committee and put aside a small portion of their ample funds, for the instant importation of sample articles invented abroad connected with agricultural and rural economy. True it is that, in general, this may be left to the vigilance and rivalry of tradesmen and manufacturers; but many years may elapse before we get the benefit of many things which might at once be profitably introduced. The same reason and policy that prompt the offer of premiums for useful things of home invention, would warrant the introduction of things which have been recently invented and patronized by Agricultural Societies abroad. Satisfied that glass milk-pans (on which the manufacturer should indicate the capacity of the vessel) would be a valuable acquisition to our dairy-women, we respectfully suggest the importation of a dozen, and the offer of a premium to the glass manufacturer who shall first produce them in this country, at a cost that will justify their being brought into general use. It has been seen in a very interesting and valuable essay on "The Management of *Holstein Dairies*," published in the Farmers' Library, that there the dairy-women are allowed $1 a year for "*pan money*," and charged for all they break; yet they always "make by the operation." Let us have *glass milk-pans*.

Sprinkling Ashes on Potato Tops.

A correspondent (Mr. Kendall) informs us that Mr. James Stewart, of Baileyville, tried the following experiment very successfully on his potatoes the last summer. As soon as he had discovered the rust had struck the tops of his potatoes, he strewed ashes on twenty rows of them. When he dug them, he found them all sound, while about a quarter part of the rest were affected with the rot, Every fact that will lead us to success in warding off this calamitous disease in the potato is invaluable.

Butter.

Dealers in butter say that there is no scarcity of this article the present season, but that *good* butter is very scarce. A little more labor bestowed at the time of manufacture, would make two thirds of the bad butter, good butter.

Peach Orchard in Maine.

We notice at the Cattle Show and Fair at Alfred, York Co., week before last, a premium of $7 was awarded to J. L. Kalef, of Lyman, for a 'superior peach orchard containing 126 trees, 13 feet apart, one half in bearing, 4 years old.' There are scattering peach trees in the central and western part of Maine, but we did not know before that we had a regular peach *orchard* amongst us—glad to hear it.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Orchard Street Church—Sunday Evening Lectures.—The second of the Series of Sermons on the Life and Ministry of Paul, will be delivered on Sunday evening next. *Subject*—The Conversion of Paul. The popular opinions in regard to conversion will be fully considered. Service at 7 o'clock.

Lectures on the Parables.—The First of a Course of Lectures in explanation of the Parables of the New Testament, will be given in the Bleecker Street Church, corner of Downing, to-morrow evening. Services commence at seven o'clock. Seats for strangers.

Br. T. Elliott will preach in Danbury, Conn. the second Sunday in December.

Br. Whiston will preach in Sing Sing the second Sunday in December, afternoon and evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Patterson next Sunday.

Br. O. Whiston will preach in Nyack next Sunday.

MARRIED.

In the Orchard-street Church, Nov. 28, by Rev. Otis A. Skinner, Mr. Charles W. Kipp and Miss Mary Ellen Marston.

Also, by the same, Nov. 1st, Mr. Thomas S. Weeks and Miss Jane E. Powers.

In this city, 24th ult., by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. George Jennison and Miss Mary E. Nye, both of Brooklyn.

In Brooklyn, Nov. 20, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. Edward E. Pearce and Miss Vletta Lowe, all of Brooklyn.

DIED.

In this city, Nov. 19, Mr. Cornelius Schenck, aged 57. The sickness of Mr. S. was short, and his death unexpected. He was taken ill on Monday, the 15th. On the 17th he was thought dangerous, and early on the 19th he was no more. Alas! how sudden his departure! Mr. S. was a man of strict integrity, of irreproachable character, of benevolent feelings. He was one of the most active and liberal friends of our cause in this city. His death is a great loss to our denomination. His place at church was always filled, and all his influence was given for his religion. He was universally beloved and respected. He has left a wife and nine children to mourn his loss. May their trust be in the God of love and grace.

In this city, Nov. 17th, Henry, son of James and Henry Macgill, aged 7 years. He was a bright, promising boy, remarkable for his tender feelings, and his conscientiousness. He had a high sense of right, would never do that which he was taught was wrong. His death is a great affliction to his kind parents. May they find consolation in their blessed religion.

In Stratford, on the 13th inst., after a long and severe illness, John Beach, Esq., for many years a practitioner at law in Greene County, N. Y., aged 61 years.

In the death of Br. Beach, society has lost a worthy and esteemed citizen. The deceased was a valued member of the Universalist Society in Bridgeport, and for many years had been one of its Trustees. As he loved the faith of the Gospel while in health, so he found it his support in sickness, his triumph in death. May the Lord sanctify this event to the spiritual good of the aged widow and the sorrowing children.

S. S. F.